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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

J. H. BARRETT & J. COBB,
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS.

The Register will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made *strictly in advance*, for, \$1.50. Delivered by carrier, paid *strictly in advance*, \$1.00.

No paper discontinued until arrangements are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors.

All communications must be post-paid.

C. V. H. Palmer is agent for this paper in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Done in modern style and at short notice.

Law of Newspapers.

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all that is due per day.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers, the publisher's right to which they are entitled, they are held responsible till they have satisfied their bills and entered their papers discontinued.

If subscribers move to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

Subscribers have dissolved that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

A Postmaster neglecting to inform a subscriber when his paper is not taken from the office, makes himself liable for the subscription price.

200 PER CENT ASSURED!

A NEW DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

Phelps' Ohio Combination Patent Bee Hive was awarded the first premium and diploma at the Ohio State Fair, September 1851, over Koenig's, of Cincinnati, and the Improved Bee Hive of Gilmore, also a diploma for the best.

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Poetry.

Hot Noon.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

The winds are hushed, the clouds have ceased

to sail,

And lie like islands in the Ocean-day,

The flowers hang down their heads, and

far away,

A faint bell tolls in a sun-drowned vale;

No voice but the cicada's whirring note—

No motion but the grasshoppers that leap—

The reaper bows into his burning throat,

The last drops of his task, and falls asleep;

The rippling flood of a clear mountain stream

Fleets on, and makes sweet babble with

the stones;

The sleepy music with its murmuring tone—

Lays us in a quietude in Arcadian dream;

Hard by soft light of summer bower's is

seen,

With trellised vintage curtailed a bower,

Whose diamond mirror paints the amber-green,

The glooming bunches and the boughs above,

Finches, and nests, and gold-drops dragon-flies,

Dip in their wings, and a young village daughter

Is bouting with her pitcher o'er the water;

Her round arm imaged, and her laughing eyes,

And the fair bairn amid the flowing lair,

Looks like the Nymphs for Hyades coming up,

Pictured among the leaves and fruitage there;

Or the boy's self a drowning with his cup,

Up through the vines, her arm upon her head,

Her feet unshod, and her dark locks free,

She takes her way, a lovely thing to see,

And like a sylph starting from its bed,

A glancing meteor, or a tongue of flame,

Or virgin waters gushing from their springs,

Her hope flies up—her heart is pure of blame;

On wings of sound—she sings! O how she sings!

Miscellany.

The Thirty Nine Dollar Mare.

Four or five years ago, while traveling in the State of Maine, I chanced to stop at an out-of-the-way tavern in those parts, in the bar-room of which, during the evening, I heard the substance of the following story related. It may divert a portion of your readers, and so I write it out for you.

Speaking of horses—remarked the leading talker of the evening—Speaking of horses reminds me of a mare I knew a long time ago, when “three minute wags” were so plenty as we hear about now-a-days.

“Where's your horse?” asked the confident jockey who was to drive his competitor.

“Shall be here in time now. Don't go to giving yourself any extra trouble about her now, cause you'll lose your hands full. I'm thinkin' by and bye, World-yo-yo for thaire skillin' you'll get on your hand.”

“That's my riding esp. Sawyer.”

“Edsdy—And them silk finis—

—and them rather costly!”

“Where's your horse?” Time's up.”

“Out of the way with that old crow-habit,” shouted one of the fast boys, bustling up at this moment, and seeking to get the place occupied by the blacksmith's team.

“Nine years come spring” said the owner.

The blacksmith looked in her mouth again, and said: “Yes, you can wear that.”

“Warrant well, she's a good beast, anyhow,” responded the owner.

“As a fresh hickory nut.”

“Kind?”

“As a cosset sheep.”

“May by your soul sell her?” continued the blacksmith, slowly, as he finished her last foot.

“Yes,” replied the owner, handing the blacksmith dollar for his job. “Yes, I'll sell her.”

“How much money—cash down?”

“Forty-five dollars.”

“Five and forty. She must be a good un, then.”

“She is a good one.”

“Say forty, stranger, and I'll ventur to take her.”

The bargain was closed, the stranger walked away with his old saddle on his arm, and the gray mare walked into the blacksmith's little shed stable. It was a bad heap of money for him to put into a single horse, but he thought she had good points in herreaking up, notwithstanding the fact that she hadn't been over-fed, of late, or too carefully groomed.

A little care and grooming very soon developed her more satisfactorily, and the purchaser chancing to be a dozen miles from home one night, “arrived over his cakes” on his way, and led a noted three-minute peeler straight into town, like a hawk.

“Now, go! Thirty-nine,” screamed the blacksmith, as they went away on his heat. And she did go. Instantly taking the pole, stretched right along, passed the half-mile mark, finished the third quarter without misstep, and came home five lengths ahead in 2:40.

Money began to change hands again!

But the horses came up for the third heat and at the words “now go, Thirty-nine,” the mare made an awful gap between herself and her competitor. The mare lead the way—aye, every foot of it—from the start, and distancing her rival, passed the winning post, well in hand, clear down in the thirties. She was a good “un,” added our narrator.

And he did take her there—once, twice, thrice—fifty times; but he said nothing only that “the mare was a good creature to draw, and he was content with her.”

At the end of four or five months the old man took a leather pouch, shut up shop, and rode his grey mare into Boston—halting at the old Eastern Stage House, in Ann street. Here he remained quietly for three or four days, scarcely showing himself, and never speaking of the mare.

One evening he overheard some of the “boys” in the bar-room “talking horses,” and he listened earnestly.

“Go ‘em!” said one of them, “I rather think he can—in two fifty, sure!”

Excitement in New Hampshire—Bombardment of Washington Proposed.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, the relics have a merely curious interest; they belong to archaeology, and find appropriate resting-places in historical museums.

But there are some exceptions. There instances, the excavator drops an invited guest, upon a banquet; there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place he finds a miser covering on his head; another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor, in the midst of the painted chambers, basins, halls, columns, fountains, among the splendid evidences of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster, as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle.

Such is the case in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl, with gold rings and bracelets still on her fingers. The fugitives had a leg of gold and silver with them snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on them, and their flight—the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond, and the faithful dog had turned back to share the fortunes of his mistress, dying at her feet.

Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors burns upon the senses! Does not the imagination picture the little group in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chattering over the day's events and the enacted heat? Does not the wretched who threw the egg be the party of whom redress shall be sought?

I see the conclusion. How would such proceedings be regarded by foreign potentates? What would the Emperor Nicholas say of it? The city of Washington is intrinsically worth the price asked, but the lamb-like Government itself is but a fraction of anything at all over a year.

An egg, fellow-citizens, has been cast upon the hat of our honored President! By this base set the valuable hat of His Excellency has been seriously damaged, but this insult has a deeper meaning and wider range—the Government itself is insulted, and by whom? I ask air by whom? Will you tell me that the wretched who threw the egg is the party of whom redress shall be sought?

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